Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*,
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty,
Glo. How faires our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentile vncle; O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth;
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. and therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my couſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle couſen were it light enough.
Yor: O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begegr nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lo.
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will ſtill bee croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor, You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am little like an *Ape*.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare m
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouidee
To mitigate the ſcorne hee giue his w
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelſe
So cunning and ſo young is wonderf
Glo. My Lo. wilt pleaſe you paſſe a
My ſelſe and my good couſen *Buck*
Will to your mother, to intreat of he
To meet you at the Tower, and wel
Yor. What will you goe vnto the To
Prin. My Lord protector will haue i
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at th
Glo. Why what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry
My Granam told me he was murdre
Prin. I feare no vncles dead,
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need
But come my L. with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the To

Exeunt, Prin, Yor, Haſt, Dor. m

Buc. Thinke you my Lo, this little
Was not incenced by his ſubtile moth
To taunt and ſcorne you thus oppro
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a p
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capa
He is all the mothers from the top to
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hithe
Thou art ſworne as deeply to effect w
As cloſely to conceale what we imp
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpo
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie
To make *William* L. *Haſtings* of our
For the inſtalment of this noble Duk
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile
Cat. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues
That he will not be wone to ought ag
Buc, What thinkeſt thou then of S

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